

Thursday, March Eleventh, 1915.

SPORTS, RECREATION, OUTDOOR LIFE—CONDUCTED BY A. H. E. BECKETT ("BECK")

EASTERN GOLFERS BEGIN PLAY; SNOWS MELTING ON THE LINKS

Thousands of Recruits to Game Are Buying Golfing Tools; Veterans Have Action Pictures Taken in Order to Detect Their Faults; President Wilson Comes Through With Golfing Story.

By FRANK G. MENKE

THE golfing clan has answered the first call of spring and the vanguard of its army is abroad on the links today making vicious assaults upon the little globe.

The ice hasn't melted from the ground in some sections of the north, and here and there the snow flakes linger still. But that is not considered a handicap by the golfers. Somebody discovered a robin in the northern part of the country the other day and the golfers have taken that as a sign that spring is really in our midst.

So the golfers are golfing again and they will continue to do so until the zero weather and the blizzard of next winter chase them to the protection of the old base burner.

Sporting goods houses throughout the country report the heaviest early sales of golfing equipment in history. Most of their sales are of complete outfits, indicating that the recruits to the golfing ranks will be increased by the thousands in every big city in the country this year.

The new fad among earnest golfers is to have a few "action" photographs taken of themselves. The photographs which catch the golfer in full swing are good teachers. They show up many faults that a golfer never imagined he had.

C. O. Hazlet, the great British golfer, always was considered a marvel of grace. That was because all the pictures taken of him were posed affairs. A photographer snapped Hazlet recently, while he was at the "top" of his swing, and even Hazlet could hardly believe the clumsy looking person was really himself.

President Wilson told this golfing story:

"I say, caddy," repeated the golfer, "certain golfer became disgusted with his game after the first three holes, and turning to his caddy said: 'Have you ever seen anyone play a worse game of golf than I am playing today?'"

"I got you the first time," answered the caddy, "I was just thinking."

A woman is a woman whether she is a golfer or not. If you don't believe it, here's a yarn from the February issue of the Golfers Magazine to bear us out. A woman who had not been playing golf so very long appeared in a tournament at the Lakeside Club of Tacoma. The only club she had was a brassie. She drove, approached, putted and played in the bunkers with the one club.

"Why didn't you bring your other club?"

"Too much trouble to carry them all around," replied the one-club player, "so I picked out the prettiest one."

A new beginner at the golfing game mangled the turf and missed his drives in such a way as to discourage him greatly. He mentioned it to a friend.

"Don't get discouraged; keep right at it," advised the friend. "You'll be a great golfer someday."

"What makes you think so?" asked the dub golfer.

"Because all the golfers at the club predict that you'll be a rank failure."

Giants Are Worried About Their Jobs

Veterans and Recruits Working Hard

By DAMON RUNYON

MARLIN, Texas, March 11.—Smiles are few and far between the camp of the New York Giants these days. The sound of childish laughter is stifled. The once joyful voice of even John Doyle and John Bummerman McLean are now glum grumblings gloomily through the corridors of the old Arlington hotel like vocal ghosts of mirth.

None is all the equine diversion or horse play of other spring training times. No one has suggested a hodge fight. It seems almost inconceivable, but there is even grave danger of the season passing without the annual observance of this ancient athletic rite. No one has so much as thought of a snipe hunt.

It is with shame that we confess it, but no rooms infested by recruits have been wrecked. No defunct snakes, loads, mice, or other representatives of the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom have been placed in the line of sight of any bed. No pails of water have been poured on people up to this writing. The spirit of genial levity is quite dead.

There is no more poker, or, when there is, a laughless Larry Doyle refuses to rise on a four-thus Jim Thorpe has not broken a single bone in a human frame at his old innocent amusement of manhandling socks. It is rumored that some of the players, including Chris Mathewson, have descended to bridge.

Merkle Not So Mirthful

The other day Fred Merkle captured an enormous roach—a roach as big as your hand—which would have been nicely into some one's shoe, or been just the very thing to place beneath some one's plate, but instead of making the most of his opportunity, Merkle perfunctorily put the creature in an envelope, sealed it up and left it in Arthur Fletcher's mail box.

The efforts of the "iron doorkeeper" to interest himself in the preceding were pathetic. It goes to show to what extent jocosity has degenerated in this camp. In other days that roach would have someone or other gained permanent place in the baseball history of Marlin.

We do not want the reader to gather the impression that there is a cloud of general woe hereabouts, though we may seem to be painting with funeral tingers. What we are trying to convey is that training times have suddenly changed between spring. There is an atmosphere of stern business about this camp. There is something that suggests regular office hours and work and other unpleasant subjects.

One of the largest batches of lined ball material ever taken to a big league school might well be expected to develop a lot of life and color, and romance; but this particular crowd has now turned out to be nothing but a bunch of baseball players in spring training.

Somewhat we feel that we will never take another training trip. The old game isn't what it used to be, and it is getting too much like an occupation.

Crazy Bunch of Recruits

The explanation of the change is simple enough. Some have attributed it to the fact that the recruits brought by "Slister Dick" Kinsella are all too easy to provide entertainment for the vets, pointing out that the Slister one made a serious mistake in failing to bring a few better bartered boys. But this is not the correct answer. The

WILL FORM TEAM AT ALBUQUERQUE

George Reed, Experienced Minor League Manager, Arrives From East.

George Reed, former Three-I league and Union association manager, is in El Paso today and will leave for Albuquerque Friday night to take over the work of organizing the club in that city for the Rio Grande Baseball association. Looking every inch the "manager," Mr. Reed arrived in the city Wednesday night and immediately had a conference with "Honest John" McCloskey, who has had the burden of organization on his shoulders for the past three weeks.

After the conference, Mr. Reed stated that he was well satisfied with the prospects and had no doubt that the league would be a great success. He had first read of the proposed league in the Chicago paper and had at once wired McCloskey about the prospects of getting a franchise. Mr. Reed had looked over the territory a couple of years ago and was very favorably impressed. When he found that McCloskey was getting things in shape, he decided it was the place for him. As soon as McCloskey had wired him that he would be given a franchise, Mr. Reed had at once packed up and started southwest.

He stated that he had lined up a number of young players from the middle west but would bring none here until he had a chance to look over the material available in this part of the country. If the local boys of Albuquerque and vicinity have the right stuff in them to make professional ball players, they will get first chance to make good. "If they can't deliver the goods, I'll have to get others," declared Mr. Reed. "All teams will have to keep mighty close to the salary limit of \$1200 a month and that means we will have to get the most out of the players at our command."

The deal for the local ball park is expected to come in a head today and it is likely that the work of leveling off the diamond and building fences and benches will be the first order of business. Once the work of building his park is under way, McCloskey will start for Phoenix, Douglas, Elmore and Deming to look into the situation in those towns. Albuquerque, Silver City and El Paso are practically ready and no difficulty is anticipated in picking the three other cities which will comprise the circuit.

is almost ready to do some real pitching.

His condition would appear to be a strong argument for winter golf for players. At noon today he was stepping down the railroad track from the ball yard at a clip that left a lot of youngsters looking on in awe.

A general thing, Mathewson pays little attention to the ordinary routine of the training camp. He has his own peculiar way of conditioning himself and McGraw lets him go along as he pleases, satisfied that the Old Man will be ready when the time comes. But this spring Matty has been going through the entire course of the new beginners.

The recruits all seem to realize that it is going to take an exceptional display of brilliancy to win a newcomer a place with the Giants this year, and attract the eye of McGraw. As some of the camp followers put it, it is a shame that so much promising material has to go to waste.

It is very unlikely that more than half a dozen new names will figure on the Giant payroll this season, not counting Lobert, or even "Poli" Peritt, but McGraw will probably be able to file a lot of the youngsters away in the minor leagues for future reference.

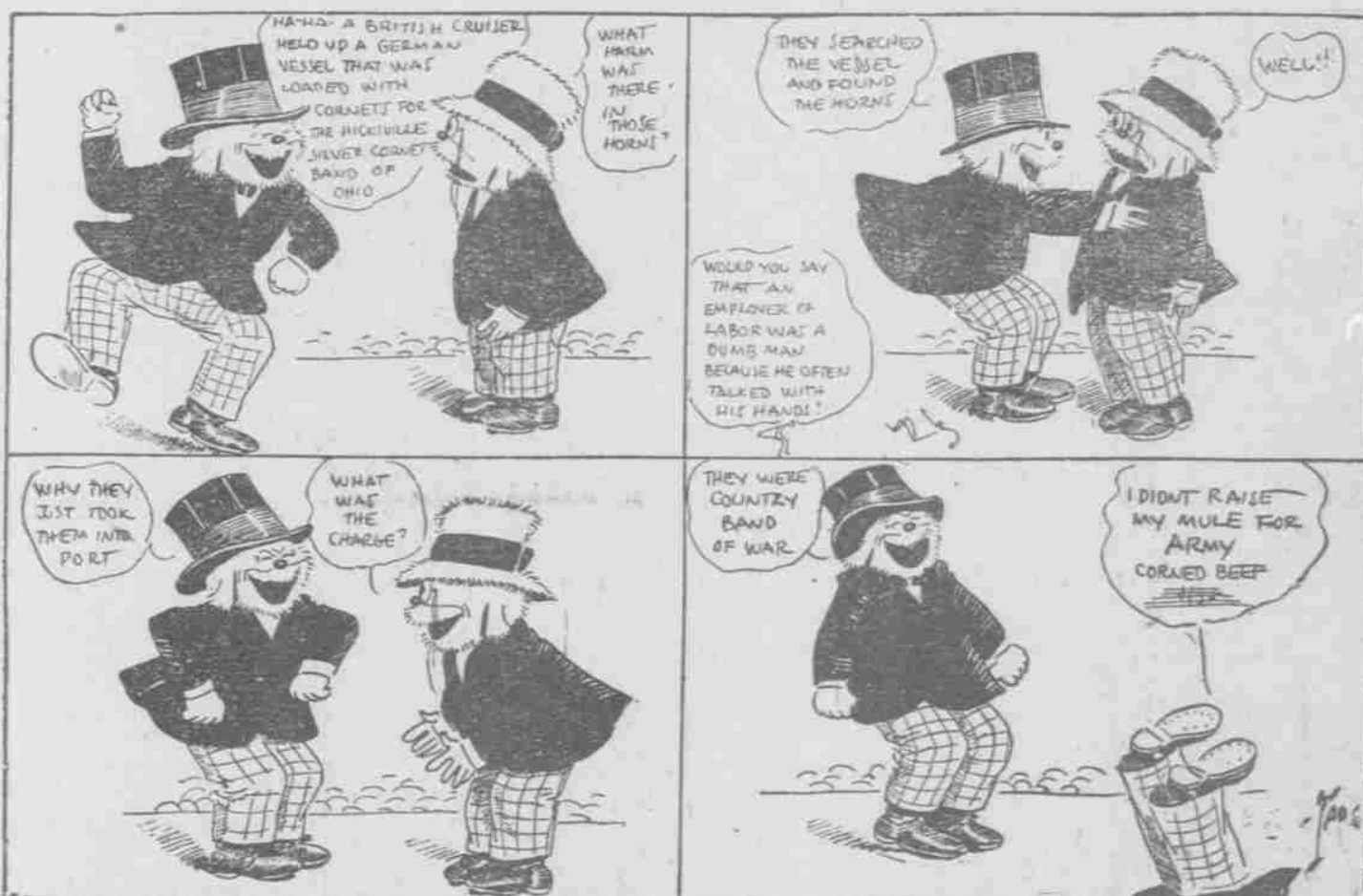
Well, a young catcher who is said to have been born and raised within a few blocks of the Polo Grounds, attracted comment from McGraw the other day.

"There's a young fellow who de-

(Continued on next page.)

HARRY HAS A JOKE

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MESA JEWELS AND CHICAGO WHITE SOX TO PLAY MARCH 31

Phoenix, Ariz., March 11.—March 31 has been fixed as the date for the annual game between the Mesa Jewels and the Chicago White Sox, and Phoenix will be the place for the contest.

The necessary arrangements for the game have been made. The Mesa manager was deprived of his ball park, so he decided to leave a park in Phoenix for the day. For several years the White Sox have stopped in the Salt River valley, en route eastward after spring training in California, and have played a Mesa team.

VENICE TEAM AGAIN WINS FROM WHITE SOX

San Diego, Calif., March 11.—By winning Wednesday's game, 5 to 2, the Venice Coast League team made it two out of three against the Chicago Americans.

Score: P. H. E.
 Venice.....6 12
 Chicago.....2 3
 Batteries: Venice, Hensley, Hill, Percy and Spector; Mize, Blinn; Chicago, Russell, Kelpner and Mayer.

Southwestern Sport Gossip

BY "BECK"

THE Balmorhea and Pecos high school basketball teams have just finished a most interesting and exciting series. The Balmorhea team has been equipped with new uniforms that are said to be very attractive.

The baseball fans of the Warren district, near Bisbee, Ariz., are organizing a good ball team. Among the players out are Baugh and Bonicker, last year's pitchers. Leggett, last year's catcher, Jack, a catcher from Denver; Jack Garrett, a third baseman and Massey, a utility man.

The Bisbee Grays will play the University of Houston baseball team on March 24. The Grays are long of optimism in talking of this game and, with these men, there should be a

nucleus for a good team and Miami is likely to be heard from.

Warren District Country club defeated Douglas Country club in the first interclub tennis match of the season, 7 games to 5. William A. Larned, former national champion, was among the spectators and, after the match, he played an exhibition game. Several important matches and tournaments have been arranged at Douglas for the near future.

The 11th Infantry baseball team at Douglas, Ariz., is trying to arrange a game with one of the Douglas teams.

The ninth cavalry took the baseball team of the 11th Infantry into camp at Douglas on Sunday, 10 to 3. Scott, the cavalry pitcher, twirled a nice game.

WELSH AND RITCHIE READY.

New York, March 11.—Freddie Welsh, lightweight champion of the world, and Willie Ritchie, former champion, who will meet here tonight in a 10-round match, have finished their training and are said to be in excellent condition.

"Beck's" Amen Corner

BY "BECK."

ARIZONA is about to legalize pari-mutuel betting on the racetracks of that state. The bill was favorably reported by the house committee of the whole after a fierce debate and there appears to be no question about its final passage. The chief argument used by the supporters of the bill was that it would "draw attention to Arizona for the promotion of blooded stock."

EL PASO is getting considerable advertising out of the activities of John J. McCloskey in connection with the Rio Grande baseball association. Newspapers all over the country are giving space to his news and, unlike some other sports, it isn't costing El Paso a cent. And all the papers which have commented upon the league declare that "Honest John" will make it a "real go."

D. RESTA, winner of the Grand Prix and Vanderbilt cup races, says it is rather monotonous to win big races in succession. A lot of us wouldn't mind the monotony if we could rake down \$3000 every ten days or so. There's some consolation in that.

JACK CURLEY did not make many friends in El Paso when he sent a cablegram to New York saying Jack Johnson would have gone to Juarez had he insisted. Curley wired El Paso that Johnson would not come, in spite of his insistence; then he wired New York that Johnson would go to Juarez if he insisted. Like many of the "official" announcements from the promoters, there appears to be something wrong somewhere in this matter.

AWAY up north they are squabbling over the world's amateur hockey championship. Down here we are getting ready for baseball. From a sporting standpoint, the chief consolation of cold weather up north is that they get good ice for skating and hockey. This year, the hockey has been particularly exciting and, if the ice holds out, the champions of about seven leagues will compete in the series for the championship. Hockey, by the way, is getting a great grasp on the United States. Portland had a good team in the Pacific Coast pro league this winter and Boston and New York are to get into the National Hockey association, the big eastern pro circuit, next year. These American cities, as well as Syracuse, N. Y., Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., and some other cities all have artificial ice rinks.

INSTEAD of "Johnson will; Johnson won't (come to Juarez)," the latest song hit is "Big Jess won't; Big Jess will (go to Havana)." Both are played with variations. Tex O'Rourke will write the music and Tom Jones the words.

KABIBBLE KABARET

"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME! AND 'JACKS' IS ALL I GOT YOU WOULD NOT BE CALLING ME! I'VE HAD RAISED THE POT."

—HESHTER—

P. A. has Pipe-Joy Hog-tied and Branded

Thousands of men have laid away their old jimmy pipes because they could no longer endure the tongue broiling that is the dull afterglow of the usual smoke-fest. These men are coming back to the fold in droves daily, because Prince Albert has solved the smoke problem for all pipe sufferers for all time. You can go to

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

like a wife for a new bonnet—continuous and determined—but you can't make it burn your tongue. And that's so, because P. A. is made by a patented process that eliminates tobacco bite.

Makin's cigarettes rolled from P. A. are paper smokes of first quality—none better.

You can buy Prince Albert in the tidy red tin, 10c; toppy red bag, 5c; in pound and half-pound tin humidors and the pound crystal-glass humidors at all stores that sell tobacco.

And nail this: Sooner you get your P. A. in that bulgy 16-oz. crystal-glass humidors with a sponge in the lid to keep the tobacco pipe-fit, sooner you'll know the joys of always fresh smokes!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
 Winston-Salem, N. C.



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